STRAFFORIADOS.

THE LIEUTENANTS LEGEND:

As it was first compared, and now published, according to the *Originall Copie.*

Writ by his owne hand in the Tower.

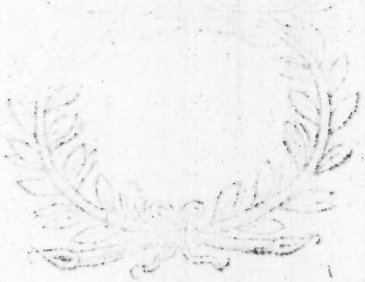
SIDON.

Extincta est rabies parientis sanguine.——

CLAUD.

——Fundatæ in sanguine Gentes
Non sine teste ruunt.——

Printed in the Yeare, 1652.



To The Reader.

Some Rithms (*for they merit not the ſtyle of* Verſe, *mueh leſſe the authority of ſo able and active a Pen*) *have been lately publiſhed, and unjuſtly fathered upon Earle* Strafford. *And whence came theſe, but from thoſe brothell Broakers of falſe ware, who for baſe gaine will frontleſly ingage their penurious pen in any ementitious worke? Believe it from the mouth of him that dare avouch it, and who in Subjects of this kind, was to the knowledge of his* Honour, *while he lived, beſt intereſſed; that none of this ſort have at any time under his Name been heretofore divulged: which are not to be accounted fabulous, and worthily rejected; being ſo farre different from his expreſsive Character, as*

they beare not the leaſt Semblance of ſo exquiſite a Limner.

As for his Ultimum Vale, *it has been no leſſe ſimply then ſordidly acknowledged, as well by him who ementitiouſly writ it, as by him who did ſurreptitiouſly print it, that his* Honour *had no hand in it; for, advantage of the time, with hope of profit, was the onely bait that lur'd them to it. Laſtly, for thoſe late-diſperſed Copies of his* Letters, *you may gather what probability they beare of being his, by their* diſtinct Characters.

This here preſented, as it was penned by him, and tranſcribed by one neare and deare unto him, was his laſt Piece *recommended to Poſterity: and for a* Legacy *left by* HIM, *then whom none ever was more ably endowed, more generally hated, in diſ-eſteem of the* State *more unhappily ſuffered, nor in the period of his ſuffering by diſcreet eyes more compaſsionately bemoned.*

The Lieutenant's Legend.

Dat pœnas laudata fides; gravis exitus altis
Imminet Herõis; tutâ myrica manes.

Ye me, ye *mounting Cedars!* once was I,
As you are, *Great*; rich in the Eſtimate
Of *Prince* and *People*; no malignant eye
Reflected on me; ſo ſecure my ſtate,
It felt no *Rivals*; then I fear'd no *Grate*
Nor a *Plebeian Storme*; then my renowne
Took breath from *Such* as now would cry it down.

Honours came thick upon me, as if theſe
Meant with their weight to cruſh me; Ev'ry day
Rais'd me one *Story* higher; Land and Seas
Were then propitious; freſh as fragrant *May*,
Sprung my enlivened Strength; where a decay
In *Health*, *Wealth*, *Freedome*, *Popular eſteeme*,
Prove my late *Sceane* of *State* a *golden Dreame*.

I had (unhappy is the accent *had*)
A competence of State before I came
To this *Surprizing grandeur*; being clad
In *native properties*, till th' wing of Fame
Imp'd with a Countrey Zeale enlarg'd my aime
To high designs, producing such Successe,
" My Seeming blest estate eclyps'd my blesse.

That *vocall Forrest* or *Plebeian vote*
Adjudge me worthy of the worthlest death;
Yet this *Mechanick rabble* know me not
But by *report*, though their empoisned breath
Steames ranke upon me, wishing but to sheath
Their weapons in my bowells; thus am I
Become their Foe, and yet they know not why.

Go I by *Water* or a *private Coach*,
I'm hooted at, blind fury findes no end;
The Style of *Traitor* welcoms my approach,
Whereto mine Eares a forc'd attention lend;
Yet, 'mongst these *Fiends* I have one constant *Friend*,
An un-amated loyall heart within me,
Which in these gusts shall peace of Conscience win me.

The *Princes Declaration* it was such
As it Secur'd me from the doome of Death;
But on th' incensed State it wrought not much,
Such were my Acts, I'm held unfit to breath,
Such was the *Spleane* pursude me underneath:
Trades-men and Women still for justice crye,
" Wee cannot live, if *Strafford* do not dye.

The *Judges* their authentick Sentence paſſe,
And in *two Charges* vote me of High treaſon;
Which *vote*, as is conceived, moulded was
From their *approching feares* which blinded reaſon,
And caus'd thoſe *Elders* to comply with ſeaſon.
For th' Safeſt way to ſhun thoſe ſhip-wrackt Shelves,
Was, as they held, t'ingratiate themſelves.

Thus do I live a dying life, immur'd
With cares more numerous then my Warders be;
Endanger'd moſt, when ſeeming moſt ſecur'd,
While *Damocles* keene Sword Hangs over me,
On publique Stage to act my tragedie:
Avant baſe Servile feare; Let Law proceed;
Though headleſse, yet I cannot loſe my head.

I know that my *Redeemer* lives; in him
My *life* and *love* are Seal'd; admit it then
A minute Spill what many yeares did Spin,
I ſhall reſume theſe lineaments againe,
Reſtor'd, refin'd, and purifide from Staine.
Crazy's my Cottage; no content at all
To Sojourne in a Lodging like to fall.

Now if thoſe *Prudent Houſes* hold't not fit
That I unto my WENTVVORTH WOOD-HOUSE goe,
To exerciſe my dayes in Holy Writ,
Or like a *Recluſe* in a Cell of woe,
To pray for thoſe I owe Devotion to;
Let th' Sentence of ſad Death come when it pleaſes,
The Axe's edge gives cure to all diſeaſes.

Erect

Erect your *Scaffolds* like *Pyramides*,
Let my *Corrivals* my *Appellants* be;
Let *Ship-wracks Iudges* that have *Writs of Eaſe*,
Become *Spectators* of my miſerie,
Teare-poudred *Sables* cloathe my Family:
All this is nothing! a more glorious place
Arms me to look Death-terrors in the face.

And yet excuſe me that I thus conceave,
If theſe *long Charges* by me anſwered
Bring my *weake body* to untimely grave,
To after-ages 'twill be regiſtred,
Nay, by juſt priviledge authorized
That *STRAFFORD* Such a day and yeare did dye
For no *High treaſon*, but to *Satisfie*.

The LIEUTENANT'S *Lachrymæ*:

OR,

His Laſt Good-night.

No Glaſſe may more to life preſent Man's face,
Then THIS, the frailty of a Great man's place.
——Whence I gather,
More uſefull to the Body's no Phyſitian,
Then for a man to ponder his condition.

DRaw neer, give ear, and hear a Peer, whoſe miſery was ſuch,
As Envies ſtate, a great mans Fate, relentleſly did touch.
Once was I near the Prince's eare, and dear unto the State,
But now my bliſſe reduced is to this ſad Tragick Fate.

There was a day when I bore ſway in publick Parlament;
Then who but I? which rais'd me high, to be York's *Preſident;*
Where Prince's love did ſo improve th' Inſtructions *of that Court,*
As it became a Chancery *in confluence and reſort.*

But Country-aire was my leaſt care, I muſt tranſplanted be,
And take my place t'inlarge my grace, of Ireland's *Deputie;*
Where, as 'tis ſed, no Venom bred, ſo 'twas my glorious ſtrife
To cenſure ſuch who throve too much with venom in their life.

None were so high but would comply with me and my commands,
For else were they forc'd to obey, and perish in my hands.
None durst devoure the Widow, Poore, nor seize on other's right,
But I brought in to scourge his sin, and crush him with my might.

But what's all this? I did amisse, for so the Commons say;
All this did tend to mine owne end, and profit ev'ry way.
My Port *advanc'd, my* State *inhanc'd, and my* Revenues *too,*
The Common Laws *I did dispose, and wrest them God knowes how.*

Laws life did rest within my brest, my will was still my Law,
No State could be, if't neighbour'd me, secured from a flaw;
I could dispence with Acts of Bench, and dis-annull their Course,
None ever liv'd, lesse lik'd, lesse lov'd, in mens opinion worse.

FIRST I did fleece our* Merchandize, *and grievous impostes raise,*
For private gaine, I truckt with Spaine; *and with injurious layes*
Impair'd mens state t'increase their hate, no pitty did I render;
Thus with all ill I'm twitted still, my good deeds none remember.

I should report in publick Court with an imperious aw
That th' finger *of the* King *should bring command ere th'* Loines *of* Law;
Whereas a Knight *to do me right that testat did evince:*
For I did say, Lawes loines *might sway the* finger *of the Prince.*

The Scottish Charge in trifles large h'as taxt me in like sort,
If th'Island here invaded were, the State might thanke me for't;
For I an Army had prepar'd their Kingdome to subdue,
And to bring in that Man *of* Sin *with his Papistick crue.*

* These pretensive Crimes in the Articles of his Triall, were with much vehemency presſed: All which, were by his HONOUR, to the great Satisfaction of his Audience, with a serious ingenuity cleared.

When

When all men knew I was a foe to Superſtition ſtill,
And in the North brought Romiſts forth and wrought them to my will;
When they did pay ſo much as they would gladly been content
The Penall Statutes *to obey, to quit their annuall rent.*

Their City Garaway *did ſay, that of mine owne accord*
When He came in I mov'd the King to take away his Sword;
Which ever ſince did ſo incenſe that * *awfull Bench as theſe*
Joyntly deny, unleſſe I dye, to pay their Subſidies.

* The City-councell.

In a * *borrow'd name to my defame ſome ſay I wrote Love-letters,*
To winde youth in licentious Sin made faſt with golden fetters;
Which purchaſe got, I feared not ſtrange lofty *Acts to make,*
At th' Sonnes deſire againſt his Sire for his Clorinda's *ſake.*

* Cleanthes.

There is no crime at any time wherewith I'm not impeached,
My hands in blood, no action good, my thoughts at treaſon reached.
What joy then here when all men beare ſuch malice to my name?
Should Juſtice *reſt, with* joynt proteſt, *they would diſplay my ſhame.*

They ſay I ſtay and ſtoppe the way of Iſſues *that are made,*
And that I've ſought by poyſons *brought to leave my Spirits dacaid;*
Or that I make meanes to eſcape *in counterfeat diſguiſe,*
When never I, by th' Death I dye, dream'd ſuch an enterpriſe.

From th' Tower *I'm ſent to th'* Parliament *with Garriſons ſurrounded,*
Yet I purſude by th'multitude might be ſurpriz'd and wounded;
Peece-meale theſe ſwear they would me teare, ſhould Train-band me ſurrender,
Were I as cleare as ever were they'd vote me an offender.

Now at the Barre as Felons are, muſt I hold up my hand,
And thoſe my ſtrong Accuſers be who ſtood at my command.
" *A breaker o'th laſt Parlament, an Inſtrument of warre,*
" *Subverter of the Common Laws, a cloſe Adulterer.*

A Cruell Tyrant, and what's worſe, if worſer can be found,
No Snake *may be compar'd to me in ſuch a* * Snakeleſſe *ground;*
See, See our humane frailty! what fading honour's worth,
When th'Evning may ore-cloud that day the cleareſt Morn brought forth?

The Houſe *of* Commons *voted my High Treaſon long agoe,*
And they do grutch, their hate is ſuch, the High-Houſe *does not ſo;*
And ſome do gueſſe they do not this for any love to me,
The reaſon why, if I ſhould dye ſecure *they could not be..*

But now both Houſes *are agreed that I ſhould loſe my head,*
Tower-hill *muſt be a Stage for me, where Stories may be read,*
That never Man from greatneſſe came to ſuch calamity,
Nor in high place bore more diſgrace then Irelands *Deputy.*

Farewell, farewell; now to my Cell, from thence unto the Stage,
Where th Hatchet *muſt prove* honour *duſt, and pay my* Service *Wage;*
Relent hard heart what ere thou art, when thou ſhalt ſee my fall,
What hapned mee may fall to thee, do Juſtice then to all.

Farewell Deare Spouſe, my antient Houſe, my tender Children too,
Though Law on me inflicted be, it takes no hold of you.
My blood though ſpilt, yee'r free from guilt, the Prince will doe ye right,
Whoſe Crowne Heav'ns bleſſe with all ſucceſſe: And ſo vaine World good-
(night.

* Meaning *Ireland*; which (as is reported) by the pious Teares, and Prayers of *Saint Patrick*, became freed of all venemous Creatures. *Vid. Annal. Arden. Inſul.*

A

FATHERS *FAREWELL.*

OYee my *conſtant cares*, but *unconſtant comforts*; Let me turne to you, before I turne to earth! O, to what end did I take care to waſte my ſelfe, for that which others without care intend to waſte? Why ſhould I become ſo *fooliſhly frugall*, as to make my *Heire* ſick of a Father; riot in his Funerall; and in his death to act to life the part of a Prodigall? O how many children had far'd well in the world, had their *Parents* ſet their hearts leſſe on the world! Oh, but who *provides* not for his *Family*, is *worſe* then an *Infidell*! Much more for his *Poſterity*, being the *deareſt* of his *Family*, the *neareſt* of his *Meniey*. O my Indulgence! What a *diſcomfort* haſt thou occaſioned to me in the One, what a *diſorder* in the Other! I was leſſoned by a *Good Father*, to make nothing a greater ſtranger to me in the way of my *Pilgrimage*, then towards my *Familiars* impiety; towards my *Servants* ſeverity; towards my *Neighbours* extremity. Which Leſſon, though I have not learned as well as I ſhould, yet have I labour'd to obſerve it as well as I could. Meane time,

A Worldlings common Obiection.

Auguſt. Med. cap. 1.

while I look'd upon *mine owne*, I found my too tender Nature of such a temper, as it needed no such direction. Before I was a *Father*, I mused much how so wise a Sage as *Agesilaus*, could so strangely play the *Childe*, as to ride on *Hobby-horse* with his Children. But remembring his Answer, I could not choose but approve an indiscreet act, proceeding from so affectionate a Nature: *Doe not condemne me of Folly, till you have Children of your owne.*

O *Nature*, how *swift* art thou in thy *descending*! how *slow* in thy *ascending!*

Henry the Second, then whom none more happy in his Youth; more unfortunate in his Age; having observed the mutability of his condition, how hee could not be more numerous in *yeares*, then he was surpriz'd with *aged cares*; being esteemed least by those who should reverence him most, devised this * Embleme, to represent his Parentall affliction: An *Eagle* personating *Himselfe*, with *foure young ones*, presenting his *foure Sonnes*; two whereof were ever *billing* and *pecking* at his eyes: the other two *scratching* his *face*. These were unkind Chickens; unnaturall Eaglets; yet many such *Brancher*s may we find ayring neare most of our Nests. But *heavy judgements* are reserv'd for such *Unnaturalists*. The *Ravens* shall *pick* out their eyes; and the *terrors* of *unprepared ends* shall surprize them. These who are sick of a Father, shall find sickly comforts in the death of a Father. The *Inheritance* which their *Nimrod*-desires hunted after with such greedinesse, shall but serve for fuell to increase their unhappinesse. As their wishes murdred him living, so shall his ill-requited memory present to their profuse houres, and miss-spent Estates,

My-

* *Henricus ætate confectus, quo tempore a Liberis gravissimis affectus fuerit odiis; Emblema sibi conuraxit ab Aquila, quatuor pullis adumbrato; quorum duo oculos Aquilæ eruentes; alteri duo unguibus erant vellicantes.*

Myriads of miſeries at their dying.

But admit (which were rare to finde) that theſe *longing Heires* ſhould be followers of their Fathers ſteps, in a thriving providence: yet muſt they expect from their children in offices of Obedience a juſt Acquittance.

Such Parents ſeldome God bleſſeth with obedient Children; who neglected the duty they ought to their Parents when they were Children. So as, whether theſe undutifull ones be Frugall or Prodigall, Miſery, through a loathed ſatiety, or Poverty, through their profuſe ſociety, have ever accompanyed their Evening. Yea, I have known ſome of theſe, who either touch'd with remorſe of Conſcience, or driven to want through their own licentiouſneſs, could have wiſht to have digg'd up their contemned Fathers with their nayles, ſo they might have injoy'd them: For all the diſ-eſteem which their neglectfull youth, while they were living expreſt unto them: or poyſonous diſgraces their unmanag'd courſe aſperſed on them: Yet was it no *Filiall Zeale*, but an *Experimentall want* that wrought upon them this courſe.

Illud expectandum eſt à nobis, quod præſtitimus noſtris. Paterculus.

O the deceiving hopes of a diſconſolate Father! What reſtleſſe cares, anxious hopes, and ſolicitous feares hourely awake him, ſleeping; and daily incounter him, waking! He neglects no time to increaſe his ſtore; no wayes unſought to improve his eſtate. He eates the bread of carefulneſſe, and apportions himſelfe the very leaſt of all his Family, to raiſe an higher foundation to his poſterity. O ſandie ground-work! What an imprudent houſe-holder is He, who ſhares in his owne, with the leaſt and loweſt of his Meniey? to beget *affliction* to himſelfe; *diſ-affection* in others! Where *Large Inventories*

Inventories commonly make *forgetfull Executors*; *looſe Succeſſors*! Poore indiſpoſed providence! Be theſe the fruites of broken ſleepes; and needy repaſts? Is it wiſdom to lay up his treaſure in the hopes of thoſe, who mourne for nothing more then to be their owne Treaſurers; by diſſeiſing a too induſtrious Father of his care and coyne together? O what a joyfull ſound does the *Paſsing Bell* afford to a thirſty Prodigall! who, long before the crawling worme has either untwiſted his Shrowd: or thoſe funerall flowers which ſtuck his Corpſe, loſt their colour; has buried the memory of his indulgent Father in thoſe *healthleſſe Healths* of laſting Oblivion. Let the fooliſh Father, whoſe penurious life has bene wholly beſtow'd on *Sparing*, to give more length of line to his Succeſſours *Spending*; caſt up his Accounts, and examine what profit or parentall comfort his nightly cares and watchfull indeavours have returned him. Me-thinks I ſee him turne over leafe after leafe, and accompt day after day: yet he findes nothing worthy his care, nor what may anſwer his toyle.

In what account are we to hold thoſe houres, that are incountred with ſuch confluence of griefs? Peruſe Annals of Time, and in what did Old *Priam* exceed young *Troilus*, but in years, teares, calamitous Children, and numerous cares?

Yet take this notice, as an Addition to his folly. Though He found nothing all his time, that might promiſe him leaſt aſſurance in them of performing his Bequeſt; yet ſuch is his groundleſſe confidence; as He recommends to their care, what he forgot to doe in his life. Sundry *pious workes*, which eyther his affection, ſo cloſely cemented to the World, would not ſuffer him to performe: Or the fooliſh hope He had in his Heire, made him transferre that Worke to his truſt. But the careleſſe Unthrift makes his late Fathers Charge, the leaſt of his Care: He findes in himſelfe ſuch liberty of conſcience, as He can diſpence with the Execution of ſuch *Be-*

queſts

queſts; He findes all that his Father left him, little enough for his owne Share; as He hopes within ſhort time the World will ſhew it. Memorialls of dead Fathers are to be buried with them. Thus diſcharge ſuch as theſe their truſt to purpoſe. Legacies and Pious Offices muſt become their owne *Truſtees*. Their *Teſtator* is committed to Earth: whoſe memory accompanies his Obſequies; Both ſubject to one Fate: And depoſited in one Urne. And thoſe who ſurvive Him, hold him rightly ſerv'd. What mad Man is He, that will intruſt Him, at his Death; who never anſwered his truſt in his life? If *hopes* make not a Child Obedient: *Poſſeſſion* of what He hoped for, will hardly doe it. O ſee, to what *ſhadows* this Worldlings ſubſtance is reduced! Before He returne well to *Earth*, all his early and late providence is reſolved to *Ayre*. He has bid the World a long *farewell*; which makes his jolly Spend-thrift *fare well* and deliciouſly in it. Thoſe *Conſorts* which his Father hated, muſt be his onely *Copeſmates*. In their *Careere*, they ſing a merry *Requiem* for his Soule, whoſe *Reſt* is the leaſt of their Care. His interment gives intertainment to thoſe, who will never leave his debaucht Heire, till his Eſtate has left him. He has made *choiſe* of them, and for a World he would not *change* them; whoſe onely Office it is, to contrive the way how he may gallantly ſpend: as it is His, to finde a purſe how to defray the charge of their Projects.

Expectance begets obedience: Injoyment ſhutts up affection in an Act of Oblivion.

Thus muſt an aged providence be thawed and to nothing diſſolved by a Youthfull expence. Were the length of his dayes proportion'd to his expence, his exhauſted *State*, before he ſaw halfe of his dayes, would be contracted to a *Scrip*: or his *Proſpect*, through his numerous

merous ingagements, confined to a *Grate.* But Death is many times ſo kinde, as to impoſe a period to his miſeries: and to end him, before they wholly make an end of him. But be his dayes long or ſhort, his *memory* cannot chuſe but *rot*, being a *branch* ſhred and cut off from the *root.* It is a *promiſe*, and He is faithfull in his *performance* that makes it: *Length of dayes* ſhall be unto him, who *Honours* his *Parents:* which implyes an *Abridgment* to his, who *diſhonours* them. The *wicked* and *deceitfull* man ſhall not live to ſee halfe his Dayes. And ſhew me a more deceitfull Liver, then He who deceives the truſt of a Father! If *Obedience* be better then *Sacrifice*; no doubt, but *Diſobedience* is the *Sacrifice* of *Fooles.* It ſeemes he deſires to have his dayes ſhort, who by his Rebellious courſe, labours to ſhorten his Fathers dayes. The foundation of his hopes cannot ſtand. But *future judgements* are ſtrangers to his thoughts. So he may injoy the *pleaſures* of *Sinne* for a ſeaſon; Eternity is quite razed out of the Calendar of his memory.

He holds the *Pellican* a good *naturall Mother* in feeding her *young-ones* to her owne ruine: but he holds that *Child* a meere *Naturall*, that would requite that parentall favour to his owne danger. Whence it is, that He accounts no Bird more fooliſh then the *Storke*, in carrying his aged Parents upon his Wings: and providing for them, whoſe unweldy condition cannot purvey for themſelves. I have often obſerv'd it, nor could I well credit what my eyes had ſeene: how *Nature* could poſſibly become ſuch a *Changeling*, as to wiſh *no being*, to thoſe from whom they had their *being.* Many *Children* have found their *Parents* to be their beſt *Stewards:* yet rather then

then be troubled with such *Dispensers*, they could wish that care supplyed by *Hyrelings*.

There was an antient Decree, that He who neglected his Parents in their age, should reap no benefit by their Death. Now, how many Children should we finde disinherited, were this Law to all intents and purposes executed? That Law, no doubt, was well intended, if it were but ordain'd onely to preserve in their Progeny, pretenses of Duty. It is hope of preferment, that begets in most Children this *Shady Semblance* of *Obedience*. Take away this *Hope*, and you shall finde an icy *Zeale*. Broad-spred *Sycamours*, all for *Shadow*; none for *Fruit*. Were it not then just, for *Parents* to adopt *Strangers* their *Heyres*; seeing those who should be their *Lineall Heyres*, make themselves such *Strangers* to their cares? But the heart of a Father is of a more waxen and indulgent temper: so blind has affection made him, as He generally values those most, whose actions deserve least. These he tenderly huggs, who would follow his Hearse with dry eyes: and who in the height of his extreames, will rather *Prey* on him, then *Pray* for him. So apt is *Nature* to deprave judgement: and to play the *Impostor* with her *Multiplying Glasse*; presenting more comforts in the worst, then can possibly appeare in the best. When affection has forfeited her discretion, and lost the eyes of her judgement by mistakes; Vertues seeme Vices: and Vices Vertues. It were wisdome then for *Nature* to suspend her eyes: and to fixe them with an impartiall reflexe both on merit and immerit. This will beget that emulation in goodnesse, which Children before knew not, at least pursude not; because they were by their Parents undistinguished or unrewarded. But little

Var de Antiq. Rom. Viget. Macrob. Valer. Max. Rhodolph. Agric. de Leg. Nat.

need we to preſſe this Argument: Experience tells *you* whom I ſhould admoniſh; that a *Father* is more ready to give, then a *Child* to *requite*. Be it your care to reteine, in this my laſt *Farewell*, theſe *finall Directions*; which may prove as uſefull to you, as any Portion I can bequeath you.

Your youth inform'd me, that your *Diſpoſitions* were different; which caus'd me to beſtow you ſeverall waies. For *Philoſophy* had told me, and *Experience* taught me, that *Nature* could not be *forc'd*. Yet have I highly tax'd my *Indulgence* for giving ſuch way to the freedome of youth. Some of you pretended for *Armes*; others for *Arts*. You, who were for *Armes* had got ſuch a *Surfet* of the *Schoole*, as your Plea was incapacity to your Booke; by reaſon of your want of memory, or impregnancy, or ſome other innate defect. So as, your deſire was to inliſt your ſelves, after the garbe of theſe ſtirring times, amongſt *Souldiers of Fortune*; to ingage your perſons for the *Campe*: but (as I conceited it) only to diſ-ingage your ſelves of the *Whip*. And I aſſented to it: and ſome progreſſion have you made in it, without much loſſe or increment of Honour.

March along then with this advice; In the firſt place, be no leſſe *Cautious* then *Conſcientious* of the *Grounds* for which you fight. Be He never ſo valiant, if the *Cauſe* be nought for which he ingageth; it is *Raſhneſſe* and no *Valour*; For win He or loſe He, the iſſue redounds ever to his Diſhonour. Allegeance is a juſt ground; in what *Orbe* ſoever, the *State* be *Spheared*: though in theſe dayes unfortunately mannaged. But Actions are not to derive their equity from event or ſucceſſe: Nor to receive their Cenſure from the loſſe of a Field.

Sub quocunque Regimine eritis conſtituti, non reluctantes, ſed integrè ſubditi.
Albanus.
Arnubius.
Evander.
Euthymius.

For-

Fortune is not alwaies Vertues Shadow. *England* cannot be more in Gods eye, then *Indæa:* and yet *Infidels* are become Lords of that *Seat*, where our Heavenly Lord and his Apoſtles trode.

If this laſt deſigne of theirs bearing ſuch a face of Loyalty, redeeme their fame, it is an unexſpected recovery.

Let me adviſe you; be no *Scotch* pretenders; in making *Religion* your colour, when *Plunder* is your aime. Though their booties inrich them, & their Newtrall Factions ſeemingly ſecure them, They muſt come off with loſſe, before the maine Battaile determine the Quarrell.

Make not ſuch uſe of your ſtrength, as injuriouſly to intrench upon an others State. Doe no man wrong; When the *Sword* is in your *hand*, let *Grace* be in your *heart*. Let that daring inſolence, ſo familiar with a Souldier, be to you an uncivill Stranger. Walke in the wayes of Innocency: and end theſe dayes of your warfare in it. Preferre a glorious Death, before a vicious life. Better is it to dye with an *Abel*, then to live a *Cain*.

Be it your prime care every Morne to make your peace with God; Suffer not your *inward Enemy* to have any advantage of you: Whatſoever your *Outward* have. Though the Bullet make no diſtinction betwixt a Prince and a Common Souldier: Thoſe *Chriſtian Memorialls* recommended to you in your youth, ſhould better prepare you then to fall like *Beaſts*, without remembring your future condition.

The Marriner and Souldier ought of all others to be ever provided of this Spirituall Armour. Three inches onely diſtanceth the One from Death: and a Paper-ſconce the Other. Of all Others, every houre may be your laſt: Be it then your conſtant Taske, in the Service of your Campe, to make Heaven your Care. March after this manner, and the Lord of Hoaſts will goe a-

long with you: and improve theſe actions of valour to your Fame, His Honour.

Now for *you*, who are for *Arts*. As it has beene my care to ſeaſon you in all Sciences, Humane and Divine: be it your care not to invert them, but rank them according to their Degrees. Imploy your *Humane* as *Handmaids*; your *Divine* as their *Miſtreſſes*. Now, *Religion* muſt be the foundation; which being ſtrengthned and cheriſhed by that ſweetly-diſtilling influence of *Devotion*, is not to conſiſt onely in Speculative knowledge, but Proficiency of Action.

For *Religion*, being the Myſtery of our Salvation, is a practicall Syllogiſme, whoſe premiſſes goe for nothing, if there be not the active concluſion of well-doing. The promiſe is not made to Him that *knowes this*, but to Him that *does this*. *Doe this and thou ſhalt live.*

In the expence of your houres, be carefull how you beſtow your ſelves in them: Account theſe ſo pretious, as the whole world cannot reduce nor recall one Minute of them. Have not your eye on the *Glaſſe* how it runnes: nor on the *Clock* what it ſtrikes. Contemplation ſhould be more fixt, then to be ſo eaſily diſtracted. He, who in his *Study* gives more eare to the houre, then thoſe lines he reades; muſt give me leave to hold him ſuch a proficient, as He is rather to be accounted a *Truant* then a *Student*. Make every Evening, an Accomptant of the foreſpent day. Your age is not to be reckoned by *yeares* but *houres*: Many are young in houres, who are old in yeares. Beſtow your time in *Learning* to your *profit*: but intertaine ſuch *humility* in your *improvement*, as with *modeſty* to acknowledge it. The *Zone* where you live admits no *Solſtice*: your *Academick Studies* hold correſpondence with

with no *Station*. You muſt either be *Proficients* or *Deficients*. In one word, make God the Beginning and Ending of all your Labours: and then with a cheerfull Evening will He crown all your Endeavours.

Now to you, my *Daughters*, whoſe choiſeſt Conſorts ſhould be Modeſty, Humility and pious Induſtry; though your *Mother* were taken from you, before She could well informe you: or your ſelves capable of what She might recommend unto you; yet are you ſupplyed in her want, by One; who, though a *Step-Mother*, (a *Name* imploying an harſh *Nature*) yet be her *Steps* ſo imitable, that if you walke in them, they may ſufficiently enable you by Her example. Doe not then *Steppe* over Her with an awleſſe reverence: But obſerve her Directions as uſefull Leſſons, for the knowledge of your Selves: and performance of thoſe Officers, wherein you ſtand obliged to God and the World. I ſhall be ſparing in ſpeaking much to you, being ſo confident of Her care with whom you are: and to whoſe Education and Tuition next under God, I commend you; as She will never deſert you, unleſſe you deſert your ſelves.

Now the bleſſing of God, and a poore languiſhing, but truly-loving Father be among you: and direct you in all your waies and works, to His honour who made you.

PROV. 4. 1.

Heare ye Children, the inſtructions of a Father, and attend to know underſtanding.

Deaths

DEATHS DREAME.

Last night, me thought, I saw a Great-man *dye,*
And none was in the Roome but He and I.
His vitall parts had made their Long retreat,
Eyes Dim, Voice Hoarse, his Pulse no strength to beat.
Yet like two antient-friends *long time acquainted,*
His Soule, *me thought, would hardly be contented*
To leave the Body: *or the Flesh her Guest,*
Her living Soule, without a sharpe contest.
But fruitlesse was this Conflict; They must yeeld
To Him *who still came Conquerour from the field:*
And being ready to surprize his Fort,
It mov'd me to advise Him in this sort.
" *Let no weake hopes of longer life deceave you,*
" *You see how your Physitians meane to leave you;*
" *Whose choice Receipts, Apothecarry Bills,*
" *At such excessive Charge their Patients kills;*
" *Are left to your* Executor *to pay:*
" *And for their* wage, *not for your* health *they stay,*
" *For that's past Cure:---- Prepare then for remove*
" *From this poore Vale of Teares to joyes above:*
" *Here is a fading, there a reall blisse,*
" *Fixe then your* heart, *Sir, where your* treasure *is.*
Wherewith he sigh'd: and shed a trickling teare
As if the Treasure *of his* Heart *lodg'd here.*
Till my perswasions did at last so win him,
I found, me thought, a lively faith within him.

For

For pearled teares *did his* Repentance *ſhow,*
And Eyes *the* Place *where He was mounting to.*
Which I obſerving; " *Sir, while you have ſenſe,*
" *Thus I Diſcours'd) diſcharge your Conſcience,*
" *And* ſet your Houſe in Order. " *F R I E N D, that care*
" *(So He reply'd) is left unto my Heire:*
" Portions, Doles, Legacies *I ſhall not need*
" *To write; His love can my intentions reade.*
" *Theſe Cares are recommeded to His truſt,*
" *And Hee'l diſcharge them, for I hold him juſt.*
" *My Soule has ſude divorce 'twixt th'World and me,*
" *From which my thoughts ſhall henceforth ſtrangers be.*
" *One Onely man there is whom I could wiſh*
" *Might never ſhare in any State of His:*
" *For His hydroptick drought like thirſty ground,*
" *Gapes ſtill for more, the more it does abound:*
" *But that I may in charity depart,*
" *I wiſh his true Converſion with my heart.*
Having my Spirituall Phyſick *thus applide,*
With much Compoſedneſſe me thought He dide.
Now HE, whom He deputed for his Heire
Appear'd ſo well diſpos'd, ſo debonaire;
As none (if Dreams may repreſent a truth)
Retein'd more ſeeds of vertue in his youth.
But as choice Plants *oft periſh in their prime*
While Grafts *of ſlower growth live longer time;*
So He; when thoſe pure beamelings ſhould appeare
And ſpread their beauty in their proper Spheare;
Heart-ſtaine with filial-love, *as Chymiſts gather,*
Within few dayes Death *ſent him to his Father:*
Leaving a lovely Lady here behind,
Who liv'd to weare His Picture *in her mind:*

----Good God, what ſtrong impreſſions Dreames receive!
Scarce were theſe two, me thought, cold in their Grave,
Or thoſe Seere Funerall Flowers their Colour loſt,
Till He ſtept in, whom th' Father feared moſt;
Claiming a title in this waſt Eſtate
With other Three concern'd in this debate.
Which to compoſe, They were advis'd to ſhow
Their juſt pretences, which all yeelded to.
The place that they propos'd for this Aſſay
Was neare the Porch where thoſe two Coarſes lay;
Thoſe two indeared Ones: for never were
Syre to his Son, nor Son to Syre more deare.
Thrice did they meet, but nothing could be done;
One would have all: and others might have none.
" Earth-glude affections will admit no ſtay
" Untill their Owner be reduc'd to clay.
This made me muſe how men indu'd with reaſon
Could in a Place of Death, and ſuch a ſeaſon
Converſe with Earth ſo freely, as to plead
For their Eſtates that were ſo lately dead!
In this amaze, Thoſe Corpſe, me thought, appear'd
To their halfe Bodies, from a Statue rear'd:
Where th' Elder pale with anger ſeem'd to ſhow
Both Death and Paſſion in his furrowed brow.
While th' Younger more compos'd, ſeem'd with a teare
To whiſper theſe words in his Fathers eare.
" Sir, doe you heare how theſe Corrivalls fight
" T'inveſt themſelves in our peculiar Right:
" What projects they contrive their ends to win,
" While we're forgot as if we had not bin?
Th'incenſed Father having ſadly eyde
Thoſe violent Conteſts; at laſt replyde

An alhybue preſents Death: A furrow'd brow an apprehenſive paſſion.

With

With a deep-ſcalding ſigh, and gaſtly groane
Breath'd frow a ſteming Urne: "Was ever moane
" Cloath'd with leſſe ſolemne rites: or funerall Beares
" Rank'd with leſſe mourning roabs and fewer teares?
" Forgot as ſoone as Earth'd! unhappy State
" To make thoſe men our Heirs whom we did hate!
After which hideous voice, their Grave-ſtones ſhak't,
Whereat the Umpires fled, and I awak't.
'Twas nothing but a Dreame; *and Dreams men ſay,*
Expound themſelves the cleane contrary way.
But Dreams *have* Moralls *too: and ſuch had theſe;*
Expound them then, Good Readers, as you pleaſe.

Deaths Doome.

" Tot varias facies variis ſpectare dicbus
" Miror, & effigies fingere credo dies.

G *Ilt Gull*, who lin'ſt thy ſilken ſinnes with Pluſh,
And car'ſt not for thine inward man a ruſh,
Some two or three years hence, or ſuch a thing
Pye-colour'd Jay, thou in a Jayle maiſt ſing.

M *Adam*, who made you with your breaſts diſplay'd,
Apiſhly trim'd, fantaſtickly array'd?
Your Purles, Purfles, Powders muſt decline,
Nought left you but a Shade, a Shroude, a Shrine.

C *Hurchman*, who raught you ſuch a formall dreſſe,
And to forget your maineſt buſineſſe?
Sir, when you dye; you muſt 'fore him appeare,
Will aske you what you *were*, not what you *weare*.

L *Awyer*, who learn't you to abuſe the State,
And make Lawes Spider-webs by your deceit?
For all your quaint Demurres, you finde no Plee
'Gainſt the *Injunction* of mortalitie.

S *Ouldier*, who gave you Diſcipline to fight,
To right your ſelfe by taking others right?
This is not right; " He is not vertues friend,
That wrongs another for his private end.

V *Intner*, who ſchool'd you to corrupt your wine,
To make mens fronts ſprout like a Porcupine?
When this rich Vintage's paſt, forall your plenty,
Your *Buſh* ſhall be pull'd downe, your *Hogſhead* empty.

A *Uthor*, who dipt your penne in *Hypocrene*,
To gull the world with a worldly Theame,
Leave earth where you doe live, and ſtrive to love
That Sphere, where Angells may your Muſe approve.

A *Ctor*, returne, what are you? whence you came!
To live, luſt, loiter, pander and prophane?
This is a ſtrange *vocation*; ever have
Thoughts in thy *Tyring-Houſe* upon thy Grave.

But if theſe *Motives* will not ſerve your turne,
Heere's *Mirrors* for you, Scithe, Houre-glaſſe, and Urne;
Diſh up your Viands then, ſcrape up your Crummes,
For loe yo u where the *Serjeant Majo* comes!

Gull, Dame, Church, Lawyer, Souldier, Author, Actor,
Are Merchandize to *Fate*, where Death's *the* Factor.

Morphuus, Urna, Rogus, Fax Clepſydra, Virga, Coronis,
Singula ſunt Fati nuntia certa tui.

Hymen-

HYMENS *Golden Censer.*

A Spirituall Spousall.

HYmen *unveyle thy* sacred Censers; *let*
This amorous Payre *in th'pale of fancy met,*
When thou hast clos'd their Ceremoniall rite,
With Cordiall joyes & wreaths be-day the night.
May Nuptiall twists give mutuall recompence,
And crowne their Loves with blushing innocence.
Lovely Leander, *when He* won *the* Tower
Where Hero *lodg'd, He could not rest secure.*
Feares caus'd Him forfeit freedome; while your Love
Sign'd here below, and registred above
Admits no interposing Cloud to shade
Those Choice Contents *for which you both were made.*
Pure tender tinder of affections flame
Crowne their *joynt votes with fancy, fortune, fame,*
And all that's good; that their streight levell'd line
May be a Mirror *to this Crooked time;*
Where vice *enfranchis'd strutts without controule,*
And vertue *droops as though she had no Soule.*
While these Pure Soules *march in that Regiment*
Where their Restraint *is th'Orbe of their Consent.*
If't seeme a Paradoxe, observe that tye
Which leaves love in a linked liberty.
" *Blest Spousall tye! which though it* Captives *make,*
" *Those* Bonds *seeme easy for the* Keepers *sake.*

LEDA'S *various Censure.*

LEda *grows violent when She does heare*
Any disgust that She hath sworne;
And welcomes her reprover with a Teare,
For other Refuge hath she none.
Streight will she dye, yet knowes not why;
O what a Salve is this, said I,
When Crimes begge Cures from a revenging eye!

Yet some there be hold Leda's *temper sweet,*
Though native passions take their Course;
And when those Christall Founts with Silence meet,
They are not to be valued worse.
For those rins'd eye's clearly discryes
She feares those foes that vertue flyes,
So as her teares become Sinnes Sacrifice.

That very night She in my bosom lay,
Eyes shed a teare, Heart bred a Sigh;
I ask't her what she ayl'd? She would not say,
Onely she wish'd that Death were ny;
Wiping her eye, (poore foole,) said I,
What wants thou while thy Cinna's *by?*
She with a smile replide, I will not dye.

Thus

Thus fancy by a ſoft remorce grew mild,
Enlivened with a Sacred heat:
And to her foe became ſo reconcil'd,
As Fancy *tooke up* Furies *Seat.*
May Hymen *bring like* Marriage *ring*
To ſubjects Spouſall and their King.
Still may my Leda *touch upon this String.*

What is Complexion but a deep-lay'd dy
Upon a Clot of breathing Clay?
What is my lovely Leda, *or what I*
But a quick Shade, a Flower in May?
Yet if our mind be ſo combin'd
As Heaven's pure eye no Spyle can find;
Leda's *in me, and I in her inſhrin'd.*
---- Bleſt Ordinance *that votes us ſo confin'd.*

LIFES HARVEST.

Greene Fruit.

Light-vading joyes, a fading life
Doe ever keep me Company;
Where though a Turtle *be my wife,*
And hopes in her poſterity,
They are in their Minority.
So as who juſtly theſe compares
May finde greene *hopes, but* Riper *cares.*

A precious Medall.

Looke on him, who was ta'ne and tide,
Was toss'd and push'd to every side,
First Deiside and then deside,
Arraign'd for thee and Crucifide.

A thought of these will humble pride,
And render thee so mortifide,
As no Earths losse shall thee devide
From Him *who for thee liv'd and dide.*

A. 1000.

FINIS.